THE New Republic

How Much Of A Luxury Is Research?

Pages 3-6

VIEWS OF A SOUTHERN LEGAL SCHOLAR ON HOW PROGRESS CAN BE MADE

Paths to Desegregation

By CHARLES L. BLACK, JR.

This Queen Business . . . . . *T. R. B.*

The Death of Salvemini . . . . . *Iris Origo*

Khrushchev's Literary Lecture . . . . . *George Gibian*

Films as Sociology . . . . . *Philip Roth*

The Taming of Nathanael West . . . . . *Henry Popkin*

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Washington Wire

This Queen Business

QUEEN Elizabeth II was stuck recently in a London lift. "She relieved the dumbfounded tension," twittered a feminine journalist of the incident, "with a suggestion, 'Shall we yell?' The party emerged rocking with laughter."

When this reporter recovered his gravity over this sally he realized that this was a phenomenon to explore. What, for example, did his family know about the Queen's visit?

"She wears size 10, with a 24 waist and 2 and ⅝ inch heels," said his wife instantly.

"She didn't bring her regular crown with its 4 rubies, 11 emeralds, 16 sapphires, 277 pearls and—um—2,780-something diamonds, but she'll have a couple of tiaras," said the teen-ager.

"She weights her petticoats so her legs won't show," said the downright 12-year-old.

Yes, high time to explore the Queen business.

"Blue is the Queen's favorite color," wrote a *Washington Post* woman's page columnist.

"As the Queen looks well in yellow," said the leading *Reader's Digest* article, "it is a safe assumption that some of her US creations will be designed to tone in with the autumn foliage."

Well, blue or yellow—explained a third authority—the Queen "invariably appears soignée, serene and smiling. . . ."

At this point I came babbling out of my woman's page research work and surveyed my own attire. Well, I am a bit on the soigné (correct) side myself. I was wearing an informal little ensemble of Loch Ness monster tweeds and ashes-of-desire slacks, with svelte shoes (10½ D) and a chic, *dernier cri* cravat from Hecht's basement. As for Elizabeth II, she arrives with 25 gushing London reporters and a new dress for each appearance, and the US fashion editors have been clucking off with exclusive dress items for weeks, ranging from decolletage to derrier, and expressed with that coy but brutal forthrightness that keeps the blushing male out of the woman's section.

Mr. Simone Kaplan of the London School of Deportment was scheduled to arrive October 14 "for advice and guidance to American guests on whether to bob or not to bob," and Miss Elvaline McCullagh of New York was due about the same time for the same purpose. "Will Mamie bob?" was the biggest question in Washington prior to the airport reception.

England's Popular Press

EVEN MORE fascinating is the attitude of the British popular press. Anyone who watched the stately Abbey coronation knows religion is mixed in the Queen business. The fond faces of charwomen outside Buckingham Palace railings reveal a spiritual afflatus. The image of the living Queen is stamped on coins. It is all very well for intellectuals to explain this away—the fact is that the much-battered British psyche looks to Royalty not merely to hold the Commonwealth together, to cap the social pyramid and supply stability and tone, but also for mystical support.

The British popular press can neither let the Royal Family turn into a democratic affair as is the case with the bicycling Dutch and Scandinavian rulers, nor, on the other hand, can it let them alone in privacy, imbued with aloof dignity. The outsider feels a change since the war, he discovers a fixation, almost a phobia. News of the Royal Family sells more newspapers than anything else the popular press offers. "Prince Charles has Flu—Official" was a recent *Evening News* headline, and every other London afternoon paper splashed it.

Details of the Queen's marital life are discussed with cloying persistence. When Philip went off on a recent foreign tour the story of family "coolness" was circulated and quickly printed (with oh, what pharisaical deference), the happy ending being when Queen and Consort were reunited. Demand a quick reaction in a British family to the words "lipstick smudge" and "kiss," and nine times out of ten you will get the sentimental glow of that Royal embrace at Lisbon.

The popular press rolls Royalty under its tongue; it is Hedda Hopper's Hollywood plus unctuous genuflection. A visit abroad, particularly to the USA, is an exquisitely titillating affair. Theoretically it is to improve relations. (Doubtless it does.) But it is accompanied by a vicarious condescension to the Yankees in Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* which comes to readers as a delightful concomitant: tales of the exuberant Texan who cries in rapture, "Hi, Queenie!" or the New York sales miss who shifts her chewing gum, ejaculates "Gee whizz!" and continues, "Ain't she the real lady, eh?" in her rich patois.

The visit gives some nice colorful relief to the otherwise sorry news. The Queen strikes us as a respectable young woman superbly trained for the fairy-tale business, with the most intelligent consort brought in to a European royal family for 90 years. Some of the piquancy of the visit to the White House is, unfortunately, lost however.

A Necessary Afterthought

THERE WOULD BE dramatic contrast if the earthy Truman were there, but in Eisenhower we have our own type of constitutional monarch already. He reads speeches prepared for him, is excellently briefed, enjoys popularity verging on reverence, sets the moral tone, shakes criticism off on his "advisers" and often seems to reign but not rule. As in London some critics here in Washington fear that popularity without responsibility is dangerous.

Nixon for his part can sympathize with the difficult role of Prince Philip. An American Vice President, like the husband of a British Queen, has no proscribed place in the governmental scheme of things. He is an afterthought, a necessary but perplexing appendage, and his job is what he makes it.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

OCTOBER 21, 1957

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Correspondence

► *Eisenhower's Passivity*

SIRS:

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S behavior in the Little Rock issue calls to mind his handling of the McCarthy case: in both he allowed many opportunities for settlement of the issues to pass without taking action; when he finally took action, it came at a time when only very harsh measures could be imposed. He "over-reacted" in both cases. There are several interesting implications that come to mind. During both cases it was noticed by the editors of *The New Republic* and others that it seemed as if Eisenhower's opposition was structuring the battleground. Specifically, in the Little Rock case, Eisenhower's passivity permitted Faubus to name the terms of battle. The psychologists would call such behavior in the interpersonal realm neurotic" in this sense.

Political theorists do not seem to concern themselves with the problem of "over-reaction" *per se* (as far as I know). One thing seems clear, though:

(Continued on page 23)

And in Four Years?

THE PRESIDENT'S assurance to his press conference that the existence of the Soviet satellite "does not raise my apprehensions, not one iota," was, we like to believe, meant for overseas consumption—to calm the jittery by our confident demeanor. In fact, Sputnik has not left us *that* nonchalant. Steps are being taken to speed up the missile program. And work on the US satellite is continuing, though as one official describes it, "in a somewhat relaxed, pipe-smoking way." (The jokers on Project Vanguard now refer to it as Project Off-Guard.)

Criticisms of bad management of the missile program will almost surely be met by some kind of reorganization, possibly even by naming a missiles czar with the authority to produce an operational Intercontinental Ballistic Missile in the shortest possible time. And some face can be saved and the propaganda effect of the Soviet space satellite partially counteracted by expediting such projects as "Farside," which is designed to fire a missile 4,000 miles into space from a balloon 100,000 feet in the air. There is serious discussion too of trying to beat the Russians in landing the first rocket on the moon.

There is no evidence yet, however, that the Administration is prepared to admit and make up for the basic error which permitted the Russians to get ahead of us on both the ICBM and the "red moon"—basic scientific research and development.

In the four years Charles E. Wilson served as Secretary of Defense basic research was a step-child. About $1.5 billion was the total amount the Defense Department asked Congress to appropriate for research and development for all three of the military services in 1954. And for the current fiscal year Wilson requested $46 million *less* in spite of our knowledge of the rapid technological development going on in the Soviet Union, in spite of the increased complexities of modern weapons, the increased military commitments of the US, and the effect of inflation, unusually great in this field because of the scarcity of skilled workers, the competition for them, and the expensiveness of materials. The fact that the best rocket engine we have produced has little more than one-half the thrust of the first-stage motor which launched the Soviet satellite is directly traceable to this four-year lag in basic research.

We had warnings. The chiefs of the research programs for the Army, the Navy and the Air Force were, on frequent occasions, in unanimous agreement in testifying before Congress on the inadequacy of our work. Little-noticed hearings before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Armed Services during the summer of 1956 irrefutably established this. Counsel for the subcommittee at that time asked Gen. Donald L. Putt, research chief of the US Air Force, "With respect to the funds available for research and development work, have they been sufficient to maintain

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what you regard as an adequate program?"

GEN. PUTT: I would say that they have not been.

COUNSEL: And what have been the results of that?

GEN. PUTT: . . . the deferment of the initiation of what I would consider rather important work that should be done or the stretching out of work to a completion date beyond that which could have otherwise been achieved.

The Committee Counsel asked for examples.

GEN. PUTT: I think that practically all of our propulsion work, with some one or two examples, that is jet engines, have been stretched out beyond what could have been accomplished with additional dollars.

We delayed the initiation of some aircraft weapons systems. . . . Our work on aircraft nuclear propulsion has been slowed. . . . There has been work deferred in the field of reliable electronics. . . . I think one can say that our work could have progressed faster almost across-the-board in the field of missiles. . . . There just were not enough resources to go around. . . .

General Putt concluded with this summary:

I think I would repeat my testimony that with the responsibility that I hold and the office that I hold, I do not honestly feel . . . that there is sufficient dollars in the research and development appropriations . . . to carry out an effort that is going to keep us qualitatively ahead of the opposition.

That hearing occurred on May 17, 1956. During the same period the same general opinions were expressed to the Committee by former General of the Army Omar Bradley; Gen. Walter Bedell Smith; Lt. Gen. James Gavin, Chief of Army Research; Dr. J. R. Killian, Jr., President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Admiral Arleigh Burke, Commanding Officer of the Navy; and Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. Nathan Twining. Yet when the Eisenhower Administration's budget was sent to Congress, the request for research in all the services for fiscal 1958 was $46 million less than for 1957.

In July, 1956, General Twining, accompanied by a group of Air Force officers including Putt, accepted an invitation to visit the Soviet Union. On their return, these officers were invited to appear before the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee again.

SEN. SYMINGTON: General Twining, did you learn anything in Russia with respect to their technical aeronautical development plans and programs which would cause you to further emphasize the importance of our research and development effort?

GEN. TWINING: I think we did learn something in that regard. . . . [The] evidence to all of us over there was that the Soviets are advancing on a very broad front in the technological field in all regards. . . .

And to see the strides they have made since the war in their aviation industry, design, and so forth, makes us believe that we have got to keep moving pretty sharply in this field if we are going to stay out in front of them.

Then Senator Symington turned to General Putt.

SEN. SYMINGTON: General Putt, were you astounded by their scientific development in the aeronautical field?

GEN. PUTT: . . . I was surprised in my reassessment of what their capabilities could be for the development of advanced weapons systems. . . . While I had read of it, I was still astounded at the scope of their training program and at the quantity and quality of facilities which are apparently available to all parts of their scientific training effort.

Sen. James Duff (R, Pa.) took up the questioning.

SEN. DUFF: General Putt . . . you were astounded by their evident determination to enter new fields of progress; is that about correct?

GEN. PUTT: That is correct. . . . I was astounded at the foundation that they are laying in science and technology and the training of people in those fields.

SEN. DUFF: For the purpose of reaching those new places? [At this point a part of the record is deleted for security purposes]

GEN. PUTT: That is correct.

SEN. DUFF: That is what I thought you said, Sir.

The scientists and the military technicians knew, then, that our research efforts were inadequate and that the Soviets were making giant strides with new weapons, and they insisted to the economy-minded civilian managers of the Defense Department that they be given the means to try to catch up. Some of the most eloquent testimony here comes from former Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Research Trevor Gardner, the respected engineer and businessman, who resigned because of dissatisfaction with the missile program. Asked on June 14, 1956, by the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, "What is your view as to the relationship between the growth of an effective research and development program by the Russians and the actions that we should take in that field?

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Is there a connection between them?" Gardner replied:

> There is a direct connection. In effect, we are in competition for the generation of new ideas in the new-weapons field with the Russians. We must at all times stay ahead of them, and our tendency during the last three years has been to avoid making the kind of decisions that would assure that we do stay ahead of them in many fields.
>
> COMMITTEE COUNSEL: What kind of decisions do you have in mind, Mr. Gardner?
>
> GARDNER: Decisions to develop new fuels, decisions to move more rapidly through the testing phase as we did on the atomic bomb project during the war.
>
> These kinds of decisions we were unable to make, and we created quite a record in the Air Force of being consistently insistent that more money be given to us for these projects. . . .
>
> There are two ways to make progress. One is to build one item after another and test it to death, and then not worry about losing all that time that testing takes, but when it is put into production to be sure that it is exactly right and no money is being wasted.
>
> That is one way to go. The other way to go is to pretty well establish that you are right in your own mind and in the minds of your technical experts initially, and go out for a substantial quantity and, before that quantity is even thoroughly tested, place a production order to back it up.
>
> This is the high-risk approach, but you buy time with it, and the only commodity we can't get back in this economy of ours is time. Those of us in research and development are always in the business of trying to buy time . . . and take the best possible risk in the interest of buying time.
>
> COUNSEL: Do you have any judgment as to which of those two courses the Russians tend to emphasize?
>
> GARDNER: I think there is no question that they took the latter course.
>
> COUNSEL: The latter course being what?
>
> GARDNER: The cost of high technical risk, high concentration of good talent, to catch up the way they have done in quality of engines, electronic equipment, airplanes, and missiles. . . .

When Secretary of the Air Force Donald Quarles took the witness chair before the Preparedness Subcommittee, however, it was clear that there was no place in Administration thinking for the kind of fiscal flexibility it takes to meet the cost of staying in competition with the Russians. "Guidelines"—flat ceilings in terms of dollars on how much could be spent—are handed down by the Secretary of Defense's office to the research organizations on what their budget requests should be.

> GEN. PUTT: In practice we have to list these things as best we can in an order of priority and put the dollar sign out here at the right-hand column, and when the total gets down to equal the planned ceiling, you draw a line and everything below the line drops out. . . .

Air Force Secretary Quarles stuck up for the guidelines and the "drop-off" system of budgeting they bring.

> SEN. SYMINGTON: . . . What you say is that we are spending at this time too much for research and development. Is that a fair statement?
>
> SECRETARY QUARLES: I say that their proposals would bring about the spending of too much, too much in the sense of more than I conceive to be available. . . .
>
> SEN. SYMINGTON: Than you conceive to be available?
>
> SECRETARY QUARLES: Under the circumstances. . . .
>
> SEN. SYMINGTON: In other words, what you were told would be available; is that right?
>
> SECRETARY QUARLES: I think it would be fair to say it that way. I wasn't told it, categorically, but I arrived at that conclusion after discussions that, you may say, had that effect, Mr. Chairman.
>
> SEN. ERVIN: If I may interrupt at this point, I think the Secretary is recognizing the validity of an observation that used to appear in the regulations, that the request of a superior is equivalent to a command.

The Generals, if not the Secretary, understood what the consequences would be.

> SEN. SYMINGTON: Is it not certain that if we do not take the wraps off of money control of our research and development, illustrated by the way we are handling out guideline limitations now, they [the Soviets] are going to pass us in a relatively short time?
>
> GEN. PUTT: If they keep going the way they are . . .
>
> SEN. SYMINGTON: . . . If they continue, based on the knowledge we now have of their training program and the knowledge now of their production, and technical engineering training; if we continue our policy and they continue their policy they are bound to pass us in quality; are they not?
>
> GEN. TWINING: I think that is true.

☆

How can what General Twining foresees be prevented? Mr. Trevor Gardner spoke out in an interview last week, from his present post in private industry, with what seem to us some practical suggestions. "The inter-service rivalry has got to be resolved—quickly," Gardner begins. "Each service has seen in this missile art the design of its future and so each service has been reaching out with grasping hands."

Second, he says, a missile boss has to be appointed with full authority to dip into special funds and assign priorities to the programs. "One man can provide decisive answers; no organizations of committees, such as now exists, can come up with them." It is probably impractical to talk about establishing a special missile agency of the Manhattan Project type, however, Gardner believes. "I don't think there is enough time now for that. You have to work with the pieces that exist." Congress, he thinks, should create a special watch-dog committee to monitor the progress of the program.

These actions, of course, must be accompanied by whatever funds are needed to catch up in the missiles

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race and to carry on the research that must precede the *next* stage of technological development.

But we miss the whole point if, because of Sputnik, we're galvanized only into putting up the research and development funds needed to catch up with where the Russians are now. The question is: where will they be four years from now. And where will we be?

Turkey and Syria

"THE UNITED STATES is pushing Turkey into war with Syria," Khrushchev told James Reston of the *N.Y. Times* on October 9, and, he added, "we will do everything to prevent it":

> In moving their troops the Turks are even laying bare some parts of their frontier with us. They should not do that. They are very weak. Turkey would not last one day in case of war.

No wonder Mr. Reston was "flabbergasted." Khrushchev was not only talking like a boastful drunk; his estimate of US behavior had no resemblance to reality. True, there has been for some time a danger that Turkey, fearful of the Syrian arms build-up and apprehensive over the prospect of being almost totally surrounded by hostile forces, would take the initiative. Turkish forces sometime back were moved to the Syrian border. And the entrance of Egyptian troops under Nasser's command into Syria has surely not added to Turkey's feeling of security.

But it has been the US which has been the restraining influence. There is reliable evidence that it was this government which kept the Turks from overrunning Syria last April. Also, the 40 ships and some 7,000 US Marines in the Eastern Mediterranean are hardly being kept there in order to incite the Turks to aggression.

The Department of State rightly then replied within 24 hours to the Khrushchev allegation with a statement which, though less belligerent than the Russian's, was as firm. The USSR, the Department warned, ought to be under no illusions: if Turkey is attacked by Soviet forces, the US would immediately honor its NATO obligation to aid Turkey.

The Turkish-Syrian boil may now cool off. But it prompts us to think again about how a coalition can inhibit its members, and how the unwise action of any single member can endanger the whole coalition. The tricky problems inherent in any such alliance as NATO were never more embarrassingly apparent than last year when two other NATO allies chose to "go it alone"—in Suez. Then, too, the Russians threatened to interpose their military force. The US responded by urging a condemnation of the British and French action; peace was restored. Should the Turks now act against the Syrians and the Egyptians, would our government once again "intervene" to protect its foes from its friends?

None Are So Blind . . .

FOR THE FIRST TIME since he last left public office, Dean Acheson has called for a review and revision of our government's China policy. But would Mr. Acheson not agree — at least privately — that the reasons which compel that revision are more fundamental than the fact that "Chiang Kai-shek is not going to live forever?" Any "restudy" of our China policy, which is what Mr. Acheson proposes the Democratic Advisory Committee on Foreign Policy undertake, must start with the assumption that irrespective of Chiang's longevity, the pretense that Communist sovereignty over the Chinese mainland is about to collapse is self-defeating. So long as we cling to this illusion, observed Rawle Knox last week in the *London Observer*, the "bringing together [of] the free nations of Asia and the West will be impossible. China is Asian, and she is the mammoth of Asia."

"The mammoth"? Not at all, insists Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson. In the current *Western World*, he defends the attempted isolation of China as a "holding operation," to be doggedly maintained until the present regime gives way to an "acceptable" one. There are, he repeats, "indications of ferment and incipient change behind the curtain. . . . I think we can be hopeful." He sees Chiang as "an obstacle to the confirmation of Chinese Communist control over the China mainland."

This is self-deception at its most dangerous. Where is the serious student of Chinese affairs or the responsible Far Eastern correspondent who thinks that Chinese Communist control of the mainland is anything but an established fact? The dust *has* settled. Not even a publication which in general supports Robertson's position does so for Robertson's reasons; in its recent survey of the economic situation inside Communist China, to illustrate, David Lawrence's *US News and World Report* carefully avoids any suggestion that Peking is in political trouble. On the contrary, it reports that the regime's suppression of dissidents "is working, and the critics once again seem willing to go along with the Reds."

Let us make clear once again: the pertinent argument over our China policy is not between those who "like" and those who "don't like" Chinese Communism. The argument is about how the US can minimize the danger to our own security inherent in the *fact* of Chinese Communism. Our view is and has been that the only successful defense is a diplomatic and economic offense, designed with an eye to the future, and with the needs of each separate Asian state in mind. It will not be long before every country in Asia establishes formal relations with Peking. Where then is our "policy"? But then, what we have today is not a policy. It is what Mr. Robertson more accurately defines as a "holding operation"—and one which doesn't even hold at that.

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Some Western Illusions About King Saud

THE United States Government may have reason to thank Saiyid Ahmed Shukairy, the Saudi delegate to the United Nations whose speech to the General Assembly surprised, perhaps even shocked, President Eisenhower. It will now be difficult to nurse the illusions that King Saud has been detached from Arab nationalism, or that he is prepared to set himself up against President Nasser and lead the Arabs back to understanding with the West. Shukairy's speech—on Israel, Syria, Yemen and the Persian Gulf—was a declaration of Arab nationalist orthodoxy, of the kind that can be heard any day in any of the palaces of Riyadh. If it shocks Western Governments into revising their estimates of Saudi policy, it will have done a real service.

King Saud does not reject understanding with the West. But he insists, like any other Arab nationalist, that it can only come on terms acceptable to the Arabs. The Western monopoly of influence in the Middle East has been broken for ever. Policies must now be framed with scrupulous regard for Arab susceptibilities; otherwise the Arabs will go elsewhere.

Some puzzlement was expressed in Washington at the fact that, within a few hours of Shukairy's speech, President Eisenhower received from King Saud a message of "warm friendship." But there was no need for puzzlement. The King certainly has both respect and liking for the President, who received him with such signal honors last February. But any suggestion that either respect or liking constituted a good reason for accepting the President's assessment of the Syrian situation would cause great "puzzlement" in Riyadh. However friendly King Saud may feel toward President Eisenhower, his first and foremost ally is President Nasser, to whom he is bound by the Charter of the Arab League, the Arab Collective Security Pact and the Arab Solidarity Treaty, as well as by the close links of their common Arabism.

A Beirut newspaper has described Shukairy's speech as a "humiliating defeat for Western diplomacy in the Arab east." It is scarcely an overstatement. But how long can the tough fabric of wishful thinking survive such shocks? The speech was clearly foreshadowed by King Saud himself during his visit to Damascus last month. When the King's intention to visit the Syrian capital became known, it was freely predicted in Western newspapers that his purpose was to restrain the Syrian extremists. In fact, as his own statement showed, his purpose was precisely the opposite. He went to Damascus at that time—his first visit since his accession to the throne—to demonstrate his solidarity with the Syrian Government under Western pressure. Yet a full week later, President Eisenhower is surprised when the Saudi delegate repeats his sovereign's views! It is clearly not the President's fault. But equally clearly, someone, somewhere along the line, has got the sketch wrong.

There is already a tendency to suggest that Shukairy's remarks were a meaningless gesture toward Syria. But the paragraphs on Syria cannot be lifted from the context of the speech. When Shukairy spoke bitterly of Israel, refugee resettlement, Algeria, Yemen, Buraimi and Oman, he was listing the problems that constitute the great gulf lying between the Arabs and the West: problems about which King Saud feels quite as strongly as President Nasser.

With so many warnings before us, it would be wise to re-examine our assumptions about Saudi policy toward Jordan. When King Saud promised King Hussein his support at the time of the April *coup d'etat*, it was widely thought that he was in favor of a breach with President Nasser. More recently, it has been suggested that he is using his influence in Cairo and Damascus to win concessions for King Hussein. However, the fact that King Saud supported King Hussein on his throne —as one king to another—is no evidence that he favored a breach with Egypt. When King Saud visited Amman last June, he induced King Hussein to join him in a declaration which President Nasser might have drafted. It reaffirmed the Arab Solidarity Treaty and condemned the Baghdad Pact, in a manner that left very little doubt where King Saud's feelings lay.

ANOTHER pointer to King Saud's attitude is of quite recent date. In the three days before October 1, when King Hussein delivered his speech from the throne to the Jordanian Parliament, King Saud sent two personal messages through his Ambassador in Amman. Was it a coincidence that Hussein's speech was so much more moderate in tone than any of his statements since the *coup d'etat?* He did not concentrate his attacks on "international Communism" but hit out at "all forms of imperialism"—a formula that King Saud favors.

The evidence is too fragmentary to warrant firm conclusions. But when Western policy in Jordan next comes up for consideration, let it not be assumed too hastily that King Saud will help by putting pressure on Egypt and Syria. It is at least as likely that he will put pressure on King Hussein. Perhaps more so.

H. A. R. PHILBY

Beirut

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The Death of Professor Salvemini

"Impartiality Is a Dream and Honesty a Duty"

On September 6, in the house at Sorrento belonging to one of his oldest friends, the 84 years of Professor Gaetano Salvemini's combative, vehement and generous life came to an end.

Born in Molfetta in the Puglie on September 8, 1873, Salvemini completed his studies in Tuscan—on a scholarship of 56 *lire* a month. At 18 he published his first essay—a review of an ecclesiastical history—and was paid 18 *lire* for it. ("We did not count then in *lire*," he said later, "but in steaks. 18 *lire*, 36 steaks.") Subsequently, for more than 60 years, he taught history in the Universities of Messina, Pisa and Florence, and in the years of his political exile at Harvard. In 1955 he was awarded a doctor's degree at Oxford and the international prize for history of the Accademia dei Lincei. His first works were concerned with the medieval history of Tuscany; then followed his works on *Mazzini, The French Revolution* and *The Question of the Adriatic*, and in 1946 *The History of Italian Foreign Policy from 1871 to 1915*. In 1911 he founded and directed with such collaborators as Luigi Einaudi, Gino Luzzatto, Giustino Fortunato, the weekly *L'Unita*, which up to 1920 was the organ of the best liberal and socialist thought of the younger generation and was the first paper to tackle objectively and concretely the problems of the "Mezzogiorno." From its first beginnings, he was in conflict with Fascism. Arrested and tried in 1925 for publishing (together with Carlo Rosselli and Ernesto Rossi) the clandestine anti-Fascist paper *Non mollare*, he was granted provisional liberty and escaped to France, but was deprived of his chair at the university and, in the following year, of his Italian citizenship. There was nothing left for him but to go on living in exile—first in France and England, then in America, where he held from 1934 to 1948 the chair of "Italian Civilization" at Harvard. When at last, after the end of the War, he came home—and only those who saw him in his years of exile know how deep, in spite of all the kindness he received abroad, was his nostalgia for his own country and his own people—he occupied his old chair of history in Florence, his first lecture beginning with the words: "We were saying in the last lesson. . . ."

In the course of the next few years Salvemini published his *Writings on the Question of the South* and *Prelude to World War II*. Also, until a few months before his death, hardly a week passed in which he did not send one of his vigorous, polemical articles on the leading questions of the day to *Il Ponte, Il Mondo,* and other periodicals.

By temperament a rebel, an agitator and a moralist, he knew his true métier to be that of historian. But indeed the two personalities were fused. His passionate belief in democracy and his attitude to social struggles had its roots in his early studies of self-government by the people in the Tuscan communes; his defense of oppressed peoples and his adherence to the Pan-Slav movement, in the Mazzinian dream of a united Europe. For indeed, this was how he believed that *history* should be used. "The goal which a young man should aim at, who is studying history without intending to become a historian"—he wrote 50 years ago to the mother of a young student—

> is in my opinion to prepare himself for civilized life. . . . The pupil who studies history as I would wish would come out of my hands less intolerant, less Jacobin, less violent than before; he would not attribute all the evils of Italy to Giolitti, nor all those of Russia to Nicholas II; he would be neither reactionary nor revolutionary; he would perhaps be capable of sacrificing some of his own privileges to avoid greater sacrifices in the near future. . . .

He taught his pupils to accept no ideas blindly—not even his own. Salvemini's pupil—wrote Ernesto Rossi—"learned to . . .

> rap his knuckles against the shell of words, and see whether what was within was solid rock or hollow . . . and not to be ashamed to repeat a hundred times that he did not understand, even when everyone else said that they did. He learned not to conform.

Salvemini's own example taught his pupils to avoid the pitfalls of the dogmatic theorist; he inculcated in them his profound mistrust of collective abstract nouns, his aversion for all rhetoric, his indefatigable practical constructiveness. Mistrustful of all vague ideologies, his socialism was always directed toward the concrete, immediate achievement: the building of new roads, aquaducts, houses, schools, the training of better teachers, the debunking of picturesque and useless enterprises. "We discussed socialism, Marxism and so forth," he noted on June 5, 1947, in a diary in which, after his return to Italy, he set down the conversations he had heard during the day:

> I said frankly that I now believe only in *Crito* and the Sermon on the Mount. This is my socialism, and I keep it unexpressed because I feel it would be a profanation to put it into words. But I do try to express it, as best I can, in action, facing immediate, concrete problems as is suggested by Christian ethics, without wasting time in theoretic discussions about what

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democracy, Marxism, socialism, anarchism, liberalism are, should or will be—the devil take them all!

It was perhaps this trait which won him the instinctive, lasting trust of people of the working-class. *"You* never betrayed us," said one of the peasants of his own Puglie to him many years ago; and in a recent letter to an English friend, Salvemini wrote that "this was the inscription he would have chosen for his own if it were worthwhile writing any words upon a tombstone."

At the age of five, on his first morning at school, in answer to the question why he had come there, Salvemini was taught by his master to reply: "To learn to read, to write, to count, and to behave like an honest man." It was, he dryly added, almost the only thing he learned in that school. Constitutionally incapable of compromise, his passionate partisanship—although sometimes ill-judged in its expression—was the fruit of his honest conviction that to be impartial was not a historian's business. "We cannot be impartial," he wrote in his preface to *Mussolini Diplomatex* (1931),

> We can only be intellectually honest—that is, aware of our own passions, on our guard against them, and prepared to warn our readers of the dangers into which our partial views may lead them. Impartiality is a dream, and honesty a duty.

His private life was, in many ways, a series of tragedies. His first wife, his sister and his five children all perished in the Messina earthquake of 1908. For a long time he believed, with his heart rather than his reason, that the youngest child might have been miraculously dug out of the ruins and taken off, unidentified, on one of the foreign rescue-ships. But in due course this faint hope faded; he knew that he was left alone. But all his life he took with him wherever he went, some of his children's toys, and kept the fading photograph of them and of his wife beside him on his table.

Later on he married again, but the last years of this wife's life, too, ended in tragedy. He spent many lonely years in exile and when at last he returned, he found that many of his friends and the ideas he had shared with them had been carried off. Yet to the younger friends who welcomed him on his return, he did not seem an old or a tired man.

"He galvanized us all," said one of his friends. "Salvemini," we would say, "is coming today." One would hear a heavy step in the hall and laughter exploding like big guns—and there he was, enfolding us in a great embrace. He would settle his heavy form in an armchair and then, with a sharp glance of his kind, glittering little eyes, *"E gli amici? Mi parli degli amici."* Those were his first words to me each time I saw him in the years of his American exile. His friends—they were his life. And in those last months all of them who were still able to came to visit him in his sunny little bedroom, littered with books and papers, from which he looked out over slopes of olive—and orange—groves to the sea. But it was perhaps the visits of the young that cheered him most. He renewed his hopes in them; he believed that they would yet form "the democratic and civilized Italy of the future."

In his last hours one of those present wrote down, as he was speaking them, his last words. He asked to be buried in the part of the Sorrento cemetery called *"la terra dei poveri"* and he spoke, over and over again, of his gratitude for his friends. "I have been so happy in my life. So many faithful friends. Thank you, thank you, thank you. This is a dying happy. . . . (To Giuliana Benzoni and the other women-friends who were by his bedside) "My dears, my dears, my dears, how I have loved you! *(come vi ho voluto bene).* Yet, even at that moment, his historian's instinct welled up in him, "It would interest me to know the precise moment in which I die. . . . I should like to know, for curiosity's sake, when one passes from life to death."

Again he repeated that he was so happy. "One should spread the knowledge that it is possible to die like this, so that people should no longer be afraid. . . . To die smiling, that is what I should like to do. . . . How happy I am to die like this, surrounded by my friends, even by those who are not here!" His voice became fainter, could only just be heard. "How difficult it is to distinguish death from life. . . . One cannot define the passage, it is all one. There is no difference between death and life." A moment later, the end had come.

"Be of good cheer," said Socrates to his judges, "and know of a certainty, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death."

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There is in this country a wider area of generosity then in any other country—at least in Europe. It is this feeling that one is at home here that conquers you little by little. And one fine day you feel that you are no longer an exile but a citizen in your own country. When I took my oath I felt that really I was performing a grand function. I was throwing away not my intellectual and moral but my juristic past. I threw it away without any regret. The Ethiopian War, the rape of Albania, the Spanish crime, and this last idiotic crime, had really broken my connection with sovereigns, potentates, and all those ugly things which are enumerated in the formula of the oath. It is a wonderful formula. Your pledges are only political and juridical. You are asked to sever your connections with the government of your former country, not with the people and the civilization of your former country.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

—On the Occasion of his Naturalization as an American Citizen

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Are the courts and the executive branch of government pushing the South too hard? Not in the opinion of one Southerner, who is also a student of the law.

Paths to Desegregation

by CHARLES L. BLACK, JR.

IT HAS BEEN three years since the first segregation decision on public schools. Most Southern schools have not made a start toward integration. A large number have begun long-range plans, with token integration now. In very few Southern communities do any considerable fraction of Negro children enjoy the rights the Court three years ago said were theirs. If every federal court in the South were now to order immediately total integration (the extreme of the "firm" *judicial* approach as it may be called), it would be hard to pass the stricture of unseemly haste. But of course, realistically, even that will by no means be done. The Supreme Court, in its "all deliberate speed" formula, has allowed leeway, and it is certain that virtually every plan that will be ordered into effect by a District Court will contain some substantial admixture of gradualism. The question is one of degree, and of good faith. In practice, today, judicial firmness at its extreme can mean no more than refusal by the judges to allow indefinite or unreasonably extended delay, their declining altogether to listen to vague and inappropriate excuses and their probing carefully the good faith of would-be postponers. Those who fear, as a real possibility, what might happen if all the Negro children and all the white children were to be wedged together in one school tomorrow, can have followed only sketchily the recent judicial history of this subject.

By *executive* firmness I mean the use, by the officials charged with enforcing the law, of such means as are necessary to see it enforced and, perhaps more important, their making it clear, in advance and all along, that this will be done. Executive softness, on the other hand, may be measured by degree of departure from this course; at its extreme, it would refrain from any action to implement court decisions, trusting wholly to voluntary compliance by the parties and the community.

I think many people, though favoring integration, stand honestly perplexed between a generally soft and a generally firm attitude. They may be worried about questions of law, of morals, or of expediency.

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The law, particularly as regards executive firmness, is simple. Indeed, few informed people would have discerned a question here at all, had not words like "unconstitutional" and "illegal" been flung about of late by statesmen of attested gentlemanliness and sectional eminence.

Major General Walker usefully summarized the position in his talk to the students of Little Rock Central High on September 25. He reminded them of the whole classic line of reasoning, through Constitution and supremacy clause, to authoritative interpretation, to the President's oath of office. Surely, his hearers, having reached high school, would have been astonished to find legal reasoning taking any other course. There is not the slightest doubt of the legal and constitutional correctness of firm action by the Executive to enforce court orders, and much speaking could add nothing to the clarity and rightness of Major General Walker's words.

The purely legal case for judicial firmness in the extremest form is less categorical, but the case for a *high degree* of judicial firmness is overwhelming. Some citizens might be surprised to learn that, even after a litigant has been declared by a court to have a clear legal right to something, the court does not always proceed to order his enjoyment of that right without any delay. Yet reflection will show this must once in a while happen. In the first place, it usually takes *some* time to comply with any court order; even if the defendant is only told to sign a deed, the court must give him time to get a pen. If the act ordered is of great complexity, more time may be needed. Further, a court may, without violating precedent, allow some additional delay when to do so will spare the defendant great inconvenience and when the delay will not be too hard on the plaintiff; thus, a corporation ordered to divest itself of stock holdings in another corporation may be given several years in which to do this, lest a forced sale break the market. So far as I can find, none of these precedents concerned constitutional rights, and none concerned rights as vital and personal as those of the Negro children in the segregation cases. To delay their entry into unsegregated schools by one day may, therefore, be looked on as a stretching of

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the law—but our law does stretch to some extent, and no one can say for sure (as a purely technical matter and regardless of its wisdom) that indulgence of *any* form of gradualism clearly violates settled law.

But our law will not stretch indefinitely. Any very prolonged delay is, of course, a total denial of justice to the individual child, and, above all, any use of these leeways, granted for legitimate community accommodation, for the purpose of thwarting attainment of the assumed goal is in bad faith and is as glaringly wrong technically as it is non-technically. The Supreme Court, by "all deliberate speed," cannot possibly have meant "after indefinite delay" and still less can have intended the phrase to be used as a cloak for total or partial noncompliance. The school board or school board's lawyer that would so use it would be guilty of a fraud on the court. The judge who would go along would be guilty of gross dereliction of duty.

As for the matter of morality, discussion would be more difficult if it had to proceed in disregard of the practices of our society in other concerns, for we would then have to start with basic premises, and these, in morality, can never be a matter of easy demonstration. We are talking, ultimately, about whether force should be used, and some people think force should never be used. Even when we are not pacifist, many of us (and I am of this number) not only respect such people but have an uncomfortable feeling they may be right after all. But so far as the present isolated problem goes, such respect and such doubts are quite another story. For we are not (however much we may be led to think so by the sobbing of those winds of self-righteousness and self-pity that mingle together and blow out of the editorial South) judging of the general question whether government may properly use force to bring about obedience. The invariable assumption made and acted on by our nation, as well as by all others, is that government will do this. The only moral issue left, then, is whether an absolutely unprecedented *exception* shall be made in the case of school integration. It is impossible to phrase in intelligible English any *moral* argument for departing, *in this one special case*, from our invariant practice. We can be sorry for the Little Rock rioters; I am sorry for any man who shouts, "Niggers are just animals!" for what that really means, I believe, is that he thinks of himself as just an animal, and that is a sorry predicament for a man to be in. But it is hard to imagine a case more devoid of *moral* appeal.

I should like to hear what a sincere pacifist would say if he saw us continuing to jail forgers, shoot it out with bankrobbers, and execute murderers, and then heard us protest, "We can't enforce the segregation decrees because force is wrong!" Gandhi himself said better violence than abstention through cowardice. But cowardice is an understandable and forgivable thing compared with that mixture of caprice and hypocrisy that would be required for us to see (given the assumptions by which we live) any real moral problem in the use of force, where necessary and in the necessary measure, to bring about compliance with a court's desegregation order.

Perhaps all this "moral" confusion has arisen out of the prevalence of the saying that goes (approximately), "You oughtn't to try to enforce morality by law." Now this aphorism can bear three meanings, two intrinsically fatuous and one fatuous in present application. It may mean, "You can't produce inner morality by legal means." This is half irrelevant and half false. It is irrelevant because we constantly impose legal sanctions on *behavior*, whether or not the threat of sanction purifies the mind of the potential wrong-doer. We say to a man who is thinking about raising a check, "Do it and you go to jail." We are satisfied, legally, if he refrains, even though he may still wish he could get away with it. And the saying in this sense is false, in important part; beyond all question, law *does* shape attitude, in this as in other cultures.

The second possible meaning, "Law shouldn't forbid immoral acts," needs no discussion. Let us hope that at least most illegal acts are also immoral. If not, the law is in a bad way.

The saying has a third and quite legitimate meaning: "The law ought not to interfere in matters that are none of society's business, simply because of moral disapproval." Good! Let's all agree to that. The first job will be to get rid of our idiotic sex-behavior laws, the wonder of the civilized world. But how fantastic to see any application to the greatest of our public problems!

Now the upshot of all the above is that the "firm" attitude toward implementation and enforcement is simply the *normal* attitude with which we approach any similar problem. If a man has a legal right, the court normally orders that he be admitted to immediate enjoyment of it; if anybody wilfully obstructs this process, such force is invariably brought to bear as will remove the obstruction. The morality of not employing vigorous means in this case turns out to be nothing more or less than the nauseous hypocrisy of applying, to this one problem alone, an ethic of non-violence decisively rejected everywhere else in our culture, and by no one more emphatically than by the very gentlemen who would use it uniquely to keep the Negro out of his place.

Yet, in the interest of unencumbered thought let us for the moment push all questions of law and morality to the back of the mind and treat the problem of expediency as a fresh one: If perfectly free, legally and morally, to choose the most efficacious means for attaining desegregation, would we choose the firm or the soft approach?

The first job of common sense, here as often, is to dust away a lot of spurious "common sense" that does

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not deserve the name. The greatest obstacle, perhaps, to clearheaded thought about the present problem is the "common sense" view that, if anything seems to present difficulty, it is invariably better to do it slowly. Now this is just not so, as anybody knows who has had to pull a thorn out of his own heel. There is no such general principle. Some hard things are best done slowly. Other hard things are best done quickly. It is folly to try to climb a dangerous mountain by starting off as fast as you can on the shortest way to the top. To try to quit heavy drinking by "tapering off" is, equally, folly. Analogies, one way or another, are valueless, for any number of analogies can be found, any number of figures of speech multiplied, on either side of the question. We must look at the problem itself, in its uniqueness.

LET'S start by listing the principal sources in the South of potential support for desegregation; we can then attempt to assess the probable effect on these of the firm and the soft approaches respectively. I shall omit discussion of those who actually favor desegregation on the merits. It can be assumed that most of them will stand firm; unfortunately, their number, among the whites, is small, though not as small as some might lead us to believe. As to the bulk of the Southern white population, the following are the chief motives that promise some possibility of support:

1. *Respect for law.* This is by far the most important. Southern people have the same training and views as the rest of the nation in this regard; resistance to law, therefore, throws them into a state of inner conflict.

2. *Religious and ethical feeling.* This is in some persons sharp and in others quite vague. It may take the shape of keen conflict between a thoroughly articulated belief in the universal Fatherhood of God and the desire to get along with the gang. It may be diffuse, as religion is diffuse in the tradition of many Southern men of the middle class who (paradoxically and often quite consciously in the footsteps of Lincoln) refuse to have anything to do with organized religion or formal dogma, and who yet experience deep religious stirrings. One way or another, millions of Southerners are bothered by a voice that is saying (or that they hear only muffledly, but that they fear is saying): "If I made this man in My image, how do you dare to treat him as you are doing?" (Note here that the Little Rock rioter, quoted above, gives the show away; in order to deny the Negro child the right to enter Central High, he feels he must deny that the child is human. At least he is frank about what segregation means—refreshingly, after so much oratory on "parallel development" of "our colored friends"!)

Under this heading should be included ethical feelings without definite religious connection. The tradition of "A Man's a man" is strong in the South, and it's a strain to remember to supply the adjective of color.

3. *Desire for peace or business as usual.* This motive need not be wholly economic, though it is often predominantly so. Southern people are tired, and will grow more tired, of the present crisis atmosphere. In isolation (as it rarely is in a real individual) this motive, unlike the other two, has no inherent tendency toward support of desegregation. It sees conflict and wants peace, on one set of terms or another.

These motives, principally, are the stuff we have to work with. What is the probable impact, on each of them, of the firm as opposed to the soft approach?

As to respect for law, the answer is easy. When the court will not insist that legal rights be implemented by normal legal remedies, or when the executive will not back up the courts in the normal way, I think the typical citizen hardly feels he is dealing with "law" at all. He cannot show respect for a law that does not respect itself; his respect for law is given no outlet.

Let's be more concrete about this last. If a court declares that Negro children have a constitutional right to go to school with whites, a Southern white may, if he respects the law, prepare himself at the least to acquiesce and to support the authority of the court against lawless elements. But what attitude will his respect for law lead him to adopt if the court adds that actual enjoyment of the right is to be postponed until an open-end series of policy factors appear right to the court? Respect for law can no longer motivate insistence on desegregation, for the court itself is not insisting. Thus the motive of respect for law, which is the chief asset we have in the South, is left to idle, without any means by which it can be geared in and put to work, while the man who might have been moved by it to support desegregation even against his own emotional preference is inevitably thrown into tactical alliance with the out-and-out obstructionists.

I witnessed the beginning of this process on a trip home to Texas in June, 1954. When I got there the segregation decision was still new. I found that many people I talked to were in a mood of disgruntled or resentful acquiescence. The Court had declared that Negroes were to come to white schools, and it was rather generally assumed that, as the normal consequence of such a declaration, they'd be coming. Too bad, not the world as we knew it, but there you are.

Before I left, people were waking up. The Court hadn't said when, or how many; in fact, the Court had indicated its ear was open to pleas for what seemed to Southern people "reasonableness" and "flexibility." Editorials began to appear treating segregation as a wholly open question—with, of course, only one right-thinking answer. Friends anxiously asked me now, I noticed, whether I thought segregation should be, or would be, abolished—and this six or eight weeks after the decision! They were beginning to look on the Court's holding as a suggestion, and of course, as a suggestion, it was entirely unacceptable to them. I think they would have

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obeyed the law; I think they still would obey the law. But remember, they are nearly all *against* desegregation; they are looking for a way out. You cannot put their respect for law to work on the side of something they personally dislike without imposing an unqualified legal duty.

Now, on the side of *executive* firmness, note first that the motive of respect for law never coexists with membership in, or behind-the-scenes connection with, the mob. (Mobs, in the South as elsewhere, are organized by near-paranoids and are composed of fringe elements. There is nothing special about a Southern mob. If official restraint were ineffective, and if the Governor hinted broadly that he expected it, you could get up an anti-Negro or an anti-anything mob in New York City just as easily as in Little Rock—and somebody would.) The law respecter, South as North, detests the mob. But how, concretely, can he express this feeling, if authority does not act against the mob? Should he get up his own counter-mob? Practically, the only thing the white Southerner can do to show his respect for law when the mob rages is to support action by the authorities. If the authorities will not act, most people's feeling of respect for law has nowhere to go, nothing to hang on to, and can only dissipate itself in disgust (absent a heroism not to be looked for.)

Now what of the motives implicit in the ethics and religion of Southerners? Here we are dealing with a mystery, which may move quickly and in mysterious ways. But we can at least note certain probable connections. I indicated above the effect on many Southerners of these religious and ethical stirrings is to produce *uneasiness*—a vague feeling that something is wrong with segregation. This feeling may be vague in two ways: as to the present existence of an obligation to do *something*, and as to the measure and outline of *what ought to be done*. Now what is required, if this feeling is to be harnessed to action, is that definition be given to duty and plan. The only agencies on the horizon for performing this task are the courts and the executive. It seems strongly probable that many Southern people, troubled in conscience by segregation, would find a rallying-point in official action that meant business. Here, again, the symbolic function of law in our culture is of importance; we often look to law to define concretely what is right, even though our impulse to do right may, in the particular context, come from another source. But law can fulfill this function only when it really defines, in the sense of imposing enforceable duties and actually enforcing them. A legal system that balks at putting a stop to what it has declared wrong cannot give shape and form to ethical stirrings, for it has no shape and form itself. On the contrary, it gives a sop to the consciences of the undecided and provides a strong talking-point for opposition.

Show the conscience-troubled Southerner that the law, in earnest, has reached the very same conclusion toward which his conscience is tending, and it seems inevitable that his tendencies will be strengthened and accelerated. Show him, on the other hand, that the nation, by its courts and officials, refuses to treat segregation as a really serious matter, and you weaken his own conviction of the wrongness of segregation, leaving him vulnerable to arguments of tradition and convenience and caution.

The connection between legal and religious thought on this problem is proved by the enormous increase, since the desegregation decision, in volume of Southern religious protest against the caste system. Back of every minister who dares to raise his voice there are many, many people who have not yet come to inner sureness or who are cowed by the suppressive tactics the segregationists employ. It seems very clear that only a firm approach can promise the maximum in forming and giving solidity to the stirrings within people.

Nor can we convert the desire for peace or for "business as usual" into a motive for support of desegregation by any other than the firm approach. The job here is to convince Southerners so motivated that peace will never come without desegregation, that rest is to be found only in acceptance of change. If this conviction ever becomes general in the South, I believe that a "let's get it over with" mood will significantly speed the end of caste. Nor is the attempt to convince Southerners of this a matter of deceiving them. It is the simple truth. Even if the rest of the country were willing to accept the infamy of back-tracking, the Negroes of the South will never go back from May, 1954. They will never retreat from Martin Luther King. Conceivably, they could be held under by brute force, but the means that would be required would make of the South a police state scarcely capable of communicating with the rest of the country.

But Southerners are hard to convince of all this. The white Southerner is not reared to think Negroes *ought* to be segregated. He is raised knowing they *are*. A certain "place" is not *right* for them. They *have* a certain place. The difference is wide. It is the difference between, on the one hand, *preference*, however strong and confident, among a range of alternatives, and, on the other, *perception* of the cosmic order as it is. It's hard for many Southerners to realize that a verity so fixed in the universe of fact *can* pass away. Then, too, the old way seemed so peaceful; the Negroes were proverbially happy; everybody's cook said so. Such a paradise might have dreamed on forever if the Serpent ("Communists?" "Outside agitators?") hadn't broken in.

These delusions have power in the South. They will have to give way to reality, sooner or later: but they are stubborn.

There are clearer heads, though; they know pretty well that, in the long run, the game is up. But they

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want, as men usually do, peace in our time. And it has too often appeared that the way to short-run peace lies in going along with the obstructionists.

Once these states of mind are described it hardly needs saying that only the firm approach gives any promise of mobilizing the peace motive toward compliance. The dreamer of old times, when he sees that the federal courts and the President mean business, will either wake up or require institutionalization. The clearer calculator will soon figure out that, if desegregation is going to be enforced in dead earnest just like any other law, the law-breakers cannot promise tranquillity and that, while the transition may be painful, change is the only alternative to endless and futile trouble.

It seems to me, then, that the soft approach to desegregation throws away our most valuable asset—Southern respect for law. It confuses and weakens religious and ethical impulses toward change. It places the man who wants peace in the camp of the clampers-down of the lid. The firm approach, on the other hand, presents the respecter of law with an unequivocal duty and with a concrete means of showing his respect. It raises, for the troubled in conscience, a clear and readable banner. It tells the desirer of peace, "There is no peace, and there will be no peace, outside the law."

Against this may be set the hope that a soft approach will somehow placate opposition, and thus ease the way to desegregation by consent. I think this a vain hope, both as regards the decent, law-abiding people and as regards the mob. As to the former, the foregoing discussion will have more than suggested that, in adopting a permissive approach, you make irrelevant two of the strongest motives that could press Southerners to compliance: respect for law and desire for peace. But beyond that you take the whole issue off the plane of principle, and pitch discussion on the level of community convenience and preference. And that is a fatal mistake. Community preference means, of course, *white* preference, and I am afraid that white preference for a long, long time is going to be predominantly segregationist. Some day this may no longer be so; it is impossible to think that so stupid a mistake as racism can survive indefinitely. But if you await the spontaneous dwindling of prejudice, I think you'll wait until the segregation decision is just a stale joke. Then, too, the whole process involves a vicious circle. To postpone desegregation to consent is to make it absolutely sure that forces will commence and continue the engineering of *non-consent.*

The only possible countervailing tendency would arise out of religious and ethical feeling. But if the discussion above makes it seem probable that such feelings may be expected to be at their least defined and strong when not collaterally supported by other motives, it seems pretty clear that they will not be strong enough. Certainly not in any half-way reasonable time. And a solution of this problem has to be approached, in all decency, within some non-geologic time interval.

Now as to the fire-eaters and die-hards, and the political batteners thereon: The soft approach is supposed to throw them a sop, to appease them. Speculation here is unnecessary. We know that the policy of giving these people rope has been a dismal failure; we know from their own mouths that they are not faintly interested in gradualism, in reasonableness, in compromise. They want racism entire and racism forever.

The Little Rock "plan" was gradualist to a degree; it was proposed by the school board, and opposed by NAACP. (A handful of students in high school—and careful, slow increase to follow!) When trouble came, enforcement was left dangerously long in the hands of the home-folks. The Governor was deferred to until his gross unworthiness to be trusted became obvious even to that nearly incurable optimist with whom he principally dealt. Firm action came only when not to take it would have been to stand and watch the Constitution go over the falls without even a barrel.

We have seen the result. The people who made trouble in Little Rock cannot be appeased. The beady-eyed race crank and his swamp-brained financial angel, the nutty "Minister" spouting Noachian genealogy, the disturbed truant who thinks this is lots more fun than gigging frogs, the clabber-headed footsoldier in the mob who breathes at last the pure ozone of hate after which he has quested all his life, the virago ridden with fear of dark men breaking in, the garbage-pail politician who waves these troops into the breach—how could you hope to satisfy these people just by going slow? They read moderation as weakness and fear, having never even thought of being moderate for any other reason than these. And if you doubted this *a priori,* Little Rock should convince you. If you are going to delay integration until these people are pacified, you are never going to have it. That is the simple choice. If you go slow, they will make trouble. If you go fast, they will make trouble. Total abandonment of desegregation is their price of peace. And they have frankly said so.

Only a psychopathologist could pronounce competently on the means of minimizing their trouble-making. Lacking such help, we'll have to make a common-sense guess. Is such a movement likely to thrive on a series of defeats such as it seems at this writing to have suffered in Little Rock? Is a thrower of rocks at children likely to persevere against effectively applied community force? Look at that widely printed picture of a Negro girl walking toward school in Little Rock. Inspect the faces behind her. Do they look like faces that would stand up with courage to determined authority?

It is my conviction that only disappointment can be looked for if we postpone enforcement until "community acceptance" may be forthcoming. But this does not mean the neglect of *suaviter in modo,* it does not mean

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refusal to allow community initiative as to procedure (present good faith), and above all it does not mean vindictiveness or self-righteousness. Southern white people are raised from babyhood to believe in segregation as the only thinkable order. They were told for 60 years that it was legal. To what end can we have studied anthropology, sociology and psychology if we are going to blame these people bitterly for the way they feel? Severe condemnation of the generally decent white Southerner, caught in his present predicament, is unjust, obstructs clear thought, and, insofar as he feels and resents it, retards his movement toward a saner attitude. The white Southerner's job is to forgive himself. He knows, somewhere deep, that what has been done to the Negro is wrong. But he is in conflict, for he cannot really want to do what is right, and he cannot face the enormity of the past. What he needs first is to understand how inevitable it is that he should have the emotions he does about racism, given his training, and how irrelevant, therefore, is the concept of guilt. This process can be catalyzed by firm action of authority; what Southerner today thinks slavery was right? But it is only balked when the Southerner is placed under the human necessity of reacting to strong moral condemnation for his having feelings he cannot help having. And the holier-than-thou implication is particularly and justly resented in view of the fact that the Negro is shamefully treated in every part of the United States.

A couple of final points of general application: In evaluating the desirability of judicial delay, let's remember that, whatever the courts do, many communities in the South will delay desegregation. The hurdles of procedure, litigation, and the like that can be erected by a determined community are indeed formidable. Even if all the foregoing considerations are wrong, and delay is desirable, you can be sure that the courts need not supply it. The South knows how to drag its heels.

This point applies even more strongly to Executive firmness. When the Executive is finally called on to enforce an order for desegregation, all the resources of delay in litigation have been exhausted. The court has allowed such time and approved such plan as, after full judicial hearing, seemed wise. Enforcement comes not as a precipitate intrusion, but as the end of a long process. Justification for further irresolution on the part of the Executive seems wholly lacking.

Let us give up one great illusion that often hovers over discussions of this subject: the vain imagining of an easy way. No social evil of this hugeness and long-rootedness can be plucked out without pain. We are still paying for slavery, because slavery (as Mister Justice Harlan saw) is not gone until its fruits are gone, and the caste system of the South is its fruit. There will be some violence, some suffering, whatever is done. The only consolation is that the greatest of all troubles would be to try to go back, for that, putting to one side our own self-contempt and the hissing of the world, would simply leave the whole account to be paid later, with interest and penalties.

Sense, I think, leads to the determination to enforce desegregation with all firmness. And I believe that is what should be done. But there are things beyond sense, and we can hope that these, too, may play a part in the South's future. I'm going to close by telling of a dream that has formed itself through the years as I, a Southern white by birth and training, have pondered my relations with the many Negroes of Southern origin that I have known, both in the North and at home.

I have noted again and again how often we laugh at the same things, how often we pronounce the same words the same way to the amusement of our hearers, judge character in the same frame of reference, mist up at the same kinds of music. I have exchanged "good evening" with a Negro stranger on a New Haven street, and then realized (from the way he said the words) that he and I derived this universal small-town custom from the same culture. I have seen my father standing at the window of his office with a Negro he had known for a long time, while they looked out on the town below and talked of buildings that used to be here and there when they were young.

These and thousands of other such things have brought me to see the whole caste system of the South, the whole complex net of its senseless cruelties and cripplings, as no mere accidental grotesquery of history, but rather as that most hideous of errors, that *prima materia* of tragedy, the failure to recognize kinship. All men, to be sure, are kin, but Southern whites and Negroes are bound in a special bond. In a peculiar way, they are the same kind of people. They are happy alike; they are poor alike. Their strife is fratricidal, born of ignorance. And the tragedy itself has, of course, deepened the kinship; indeed it created it.

My dream is simply that sight will one day clear and that each of the participants will recognize the other.

There is not the slightest warrant in history, in sociology, or in common sense for thinking anything like this dream could come to pass. But I shall go on dreaming it. For if it should ever come true—if the Southern Negro should ever attain to the immense charity of forgiving the white man, and if the Southern white could ever work through the even harder task of forgiving himself (starting, indispensably, by admitting in his marrow the hideousness of the past), and if the two could join and look toward the future together—something would have happened uniquely beautiful in history. The South, which has always felt itself reserved for a high destiny, would have found it, and would come to flower at last. And the fragrance of it would spread, beyond calculation, over the world.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Khrushchev Academy of Literature

by George Gibian

TOWARDS the end of August, Soviet journals and newspapers simultaneously burst out with "abbreviated reports" of three speeches on literature which had been delivered by Nikita Khrushchev on May 13, May 19, and at an unspecified date in July, to groups of writers assembled in Moscow.

The speeches, occupying two full pages in *Pravda,* were published under the euphemistic title "Close Ties Between Literature and Art and the Life of the People." In early September, the *Literary Gazette* printed a series of brief statements by writers picked from among Russians, Ukrainians and various other nationalities, who with varying degrees of fulsomeness and self-abasement declared themselves to be in full agreement with Khrushchev's three edicts and praised him as a guide to Soviet writers in terms which Stalin himself, that great connoisseur in adulation, would not have been ashamed to hear.

The first striking, but not unexpected, feature of Khrushchev's pronouncements is that they are remarkably full of non-literary subject-matter. Particularly the first two sound more like general economic expositions of the industrial situation in Russia than like addresses to writers and artists. He spoke about the plan to overtake the United States in per capita production of meat, milk, and grain; he boasted that production in industry had increased 30 times, in the machine-tool and metal-working industries 180 times, in the power industry 100 times, since the Soviets took over. That the most prominent writers of Russia should have been forced to listen respectfully to a rehash of all this may in part be explainable as Khrushchev's effort to inspire them with optimism and to remind them of some Soviet successful achievements and grandiose plans to which they ought to be paying reverent attention, instead of writing about the shady sides of Soviet life.

The second subject to which Khrushchev repeatedly returned—more briefly, but much more interestingly—was the proper view to be taken of Stalin. This obviously had been a misunderstood matter on which writers needed delicate but firm clarification. Khrushchev took great pains to explain that Stalin was not all bad. He had done good work in fighting Trotskyites, Zinovievites, Bukharinites, and bourgeois nationalists. He gave him great credit for his work in "socialistic reconstruction," for the industrialization which turned the Soviet Union into "a large, powerful socialistic power with decisive influence on the course of world history, enjoying the deep respect of the workers of the whole world."

On the other hand, Khrushchev returned to some of the charges against Stalin which he had made at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party. In the last years of his life, "we lost many honest and devoted men, workers for our Party and the Soviet state," who had been slandered and who suffered innocently. "Many of them we have already rehabilitated," he told the writers, some of whom at least must have been thinking of Babel, Meyerhold, and numerous other "lost" colleagues of theirs.

KHRUSHCHEV then faced the serious question—and here he speaks as if he had been personally concerned, perhaps truly touched, more deeply than in other parts of his speeches:

> How could it happen that Stalin, who took a correct position in the struggle with opponents of Leninism, committed such coarse and serious errors? That is a complicated question, comrades. That is the tragedy of Stalin, in many ways explainable by the serious defects of his personality, his character, to which V. I. Lenin pointed in 1922 in his letter to the Party.

Khrushchev went from there to blame Beria and Malenkov for having encouraged Stalin in his wrong ways.

Stalin also received a great deal of Khrushchev's blame for economic difficulties in the years since the end of the war and for his neglect of the farmers' interests. Khrushchev told the writers of his visit to a cousin in the country shortly after the war. He admired the beautiful apple-trees of her collective farm; she told him they were about to be cut down. In answer to his request for an explanation, she said taxes were so high it was disadvantageous to have an orchard. Khrushchev reported this to Stalin, who merely accused him of being a *narodnik*—nationalist—with a nationalist attitude and with having lost a proletarian class feeling.

IN all his rambling comments on Stalin, Khrushchev was trying to make two things very clear to his listeners: some of them he wanted to stop thinking that Stalin was all bad, and that therefore with his demise everything had changed and complete freedom for writers was here now. At the same time he was addressing himself to others on the opposite wing, who were still looking back with nostalgia to the simple, Stalinist ways of doing things.

In his directly literary instructions, for which the remarks on economic development and on Stalin had laid the ground, Khrushchev took it on himself first to tell the writers what they should write about. They should, he said, look for such positive subjects as

> . . . the great historical transformations which have taken place in the life of the nations of the republic during the years of Soviet rule. In this respect our literary and artistic workers owe a great debt to the nation. I should like to advise the writers and artists that they should take a closer look and penetrate more deeply into the life of all the nationalities of our country. Then thousands of vivid examples will show them how the fates of people have changed, with what remarkable success our nation arrives at the 40th anniversary of the Great October Revolution.

The writers, then, are to write optimistically and encouragingly of the good which Soviet rule has done for Kazakhs, Uzbeks, Tadjiks, and to stop pointing to the less bright aspects of the life of the Russians and Ukrainians.

Applying de-Stalinization to litera-

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ture, Khrushchev concentrated on warning writers not to go too far. He was indignant at the revulsion among writers against the *lakirovshchik*, the lacquerer, the writer who glosses over reality. Some people, Khrushchev complained, now

> . . . stick this label on anyone who wrote truthfully about our reality, about the creative work of our people and its great victories, who created positive images of Soviet people in literary and artistic works.

Here again Khrushchev is putting the brakes on literary freedom, reminding the writers to write about the cheerful side of things, to think positive thoughts about Soviet life.

The third speech of Khrushchev, in July, contained the most literary exhortation. It was a reaffirmation of orthodoxies:

> The method of socialistic realism assures us of unlimited possibilities for the creation of such works [reflecting the pathos of work, intelligible to the people.] The Party carries on a merciless struggle against the penetration into literature and art of the influences of alien ideology, against hostile attacks on socialistic culture.

At great length Khrushchev rephrased the commonplaces of Soviet literary theory, emphasizing the primacy of Party leadership.

KHRUSHCHEV mixed positive encouragement with blasts of warning. He stressed the need to defend art and literature "not only against attacks from the outside," but also against individuals within Russia who try to direct it "in an incorrect direction, to lead it astray from the main line of development." He inveighed against people who wished "to seek out only shortcomings, to speak mostly about the negative in life, about disharmonious facts, and to keep silent about all that is positive."

Then Khrushchev singled out individual authors and periodicals for special attacks. *Not By Bread Alone* of Vladimir Dudintsev,* who by now must be inured to the role of a whipping-boy, came in for another blast. Dudintsev was accused of "rejoicing maliciously over shortcomings" in Soviet life instead of being interested in removing them. He exaggerates ("thickens the colors"); he shows life "perverted," in a "distorting mirror." *Novy Mir* and *Literaturnaya Moskva*, the Moscow magazine and almanac, were condemned once more and their editors blamed because they "lack respect for the criticism of their errors, for the opinion of their fellow writers, and avoided speaking directly and honorably about the position they had taken." This barbed reminder of the failure of the Moscow writers and editors to confess their errors was followed by a remark which presages little good for the future of the courageous poet Margarita Aliger:

> Especially one must mention Aliger, who up to now still holds on to the view that the line of the almanac *Literary Moscow* was correct. She defends works published in the almanac in which ideas alien to us are surreptitiously introduced.

AT great length Khrushchev reaffirmed the principle of Party control over literature. The Hungarian revolt served him as a horrible example of what can happen when writers are given too much freedom. "We must keep our powder dry," he warned. The published text of the speech naturally does not contain the words which reports leaking out of Russia report Khrushchev to have used—to the effect that if the Hungarians had shot a few writers early enough, the revolt might never have taken place.

In another ominous passage Khrushchev said:

> The control of literature and art by the Party and the government comes as a burden to some people. At times they speak out openly against that control; more frequently they cover up their frame of mind and their wishes by talk about excessive tutelage, about the chaining of initiative, and so on.

The timing of all three speeches was significant. The first followed the rather free discussions among Moscow writers at their March meeting, at which rebellious authors had been strongly attacked, but also firmly defended. Khrushchev's speech of May 13 threw his weight behind the critics of the rebels, but did so with some moderation and hesitation.

The plenary meeting of the Board of the Writers' Union took place in the middle of May. In the light of Khrushchev's speech and no doubt also because of other directives, it took a strongly repressive line. On May 19, Khrushchev delivered his second speech, which was followed by several articles on literature in *Pravda* and *Izvestiya* suggestive of great concern with the subject. At the June 11 general meeting of the writers of Moscow, E. Kazakevich, M. Aliger, and A. Bek gave in to the pressure and recanted in person or by sending in letters (but Aliger's letter evidently was not deemed sufficiently remorseful).

The attempt of the Molotov-Malenkov group to oust Khrushchev took place after his return from Finland in June; the Central Committee's meeting (June 22-29) interrupted the process of tightening up the control over writers. But after July 3, the struggle was over; Molotov and his colleagues were removed. Throughout July, reports were published in the Soviet press of statements by writers condemning the "anti-Party group" and linking it with the stirring among the freedom-loving faction of writers. Towards the end of August, Khrushchev's three speeches were published. Seen in perspective, they appear as a summing up, a seal stamped on the order to tighten discipline, a firm reassertion of the Party dictatorship over culture.

STALIN had set himself up as an expert on linguistics, economics, genetics, and other subjects. Zhdanov posed as an expert on literature and art; Shepilov lay down the law to painters as recently as last spring. Malenkov indulged in elaborate discussions of the theory of the typical in art. Now Khrushchev has joined them—with a triple salvo on literature.

His speeches, together with the chorus of more or less abject adulatory comments exacted from a long series of writers, suggest that they—and their publication three months later—had a particular purpose: to serve as an unmistakable demonstration of the narrow limits beyond which the Party does not intend to grant freedom to Soviet writers.

Next Week

Patrick Dennis Writes on Theatre

The author of *Auntie Mame* reviews *Romanoff and Juliet*

* *Not By Bread Alone*, by Vladimir Dudintsev, translated from the Russian by Edith Bone (Dutton: $4.95).

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The War and Its Chroniclers

by Gerald Weales

IN THE DECADE since the end of World War II, all veterans, even those of us who swore never to tell war stories, have succumbed to reminiscence. In full flow, a "do-you-remember" session knocks the edge off the war. Memories grow mellow, wounds are healed and the extremely personal emotions—fear, anger, disgust, even acute boredom—give way to the socially sharable remembrance that turns the war into a kind of group game, that makes

The Best Short Stories of World War II, edited by Charles A. Fenton (Viking; $5.95).

of any army unit a strange amalgam of boy scout troop, street gang and college fraternity on the make. Charles A. Fenton, a Yale professor who has a way of clucking over academic attitudes to literature, has put together an anthology of American writing, *The Best Short Stories of World War II.*

Strangely, and a little alarmingly, the bulk of this book sounds rather like the kind of story that one veteran tells another. For the most part, the stories do not—as a short story should—strike the reader as sudden revelations of a truth that he has already half-known; they are more likely to make him say, oh yes, and that reminds me of a time outside Strasbourg . . .

Of the 20 stories in Fenton's collection, only one—Bert Stiles' fragmented *Leipzig*—deals with battle. In some of the others there are references to the front, to wounds, to death, but the final reality of war is put aside in favor of an examination of the soldier as a dislocated civilian. In his introduction, the editor writes:

> World War II stories were more concerned with private and social relationships, and with the implications of the entire military institution, than with the immediate nature of combat. The experience, on the whole, was military rather than martial.

There have been good accounts of battle (in *The Naked and the Dead,* for instance), but—judging from this collection—World War II, like the Civil War, may have to wait 30 years for its Stephen Crane. The stories here are sometimes funny, sometimes ironic, occasionally bitter, but they remain accounts of the manner rather than the matter of the war.

The only story that gives a genuine sense of the often meaningless brutality of war and the distorted courage that it can produce is William Styron's *The Long March,* and his story is not about actual war, but about training operations in one of the Carolinas. Styron, who was recalled to the Marines at the time of the Korean war, writes of other veterans in the same situation, and it is possible that his story's strength comes partly from the perspective that his experience helped him achieve. Perhaps the second time around, the little-boy-lost quality that pervades much of World War II fiction can move over to make room for perception of the phenomenon in which the lostness takes place.

The stories run to types. There is, first of all, the men-without-women story, or, its more frequent variation, the sad or funny tale of the young man who looks for love and finds sex. Thomas Heggen's *The Birthmark,* in which the sailors of Mister Robert's ship watch bathing nurses through spy glasses, is the best example of the comic approach. Although Robert Lowry's *Layover in El Paso* is quite different in intention, it is really the same kind of story. It tells about a farm boy going home on furlough who gets involved in a hectic affair in Texas and never makes it to Tennessee. The semi-comic adventures of Lowry's hero are apparently supposed to arouse a mixture of anger and pity, but there is a strutting tone to the story that makes it sound too familiar.

One of the changes rung on the boy-meets-woman theme is that of innocence abroad. The best examples in this collection are John Horn Burns' *Queen Penicillin,* with its operatic ending in which the soldier smashes an ampoule of penicillin against the wall where he usually met his diseased love, and Norman Mailer's *The Paper House,* in which two soldiers are completely outwitted by a group of geisha girls.

The collection also has its share of stories that follow the tradition of angry social comment. Three of them—Frank Yerby's *Health Card,* Robert McLaughlin's famous *A Short Wait Between Trains,* and Ralph Ellison's *Flying Home*—deal with the Negro at war, faced, for all his uniform, with the same pattern of prejudice that he has known in civilian life. These are not war stories, of course; they are indictments of racial prejudice that are made more incisive by the fact of the war's existence. Of the three, Ellison's story is much the best; in it, there is no easy division into good and bad (black and white), for his hero is endowed with an ambivalence toward whites and other Negroes that turns him into a human being. Irwin Shaw's pat little morality tale about antisemitism, *Act of Faith,* belongs in this group, too, although it is an affirmation instead of a protest.

The third main type of story is that which depicts the impact of the war on civilian life. These range from William Faulkner's *Two Soldiers,* which is an able, amusing, touching and essentially phoney account of a nine-year-old boy who tries to follow his older brother to war, to Wallace Stegner's *The Women on the Wall,* in which a somewhat romantic observer must learn that waiting women in wartime do not have the classic patience of Penelope, but that, for all their realistic squalor, they have essential dignity.

SEVERAL of the stories in the volume—particularly those of Ellison, Styron, Stegner—are extremely good. Many of them do efficiently the job that they set themselves. Very few lapse into the exclamatory inadequacy of James A. Michener ("But when a fellow crawls ashore on Konora at night to dig three holes five feet deep, he's not 'little people.' He's damned big, brother!"). What they fail to do as a whole, however, is to give any real sense of a war that was horribly painful and horribly funny. They work manfully around the fringes of it, report accurately on its routine and its relaxation, catch—as Mark Twain said when his wife tried to swear—its words without its music. If these really are the best stories of World War II, our writers seem to have found themselves without ever quite finding the war.

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An Edwardian Writing Machine

by Robert Evett

ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S heroine, while given to us as an Edwardian novelist, is, in fact, all the ladies who ever have written trash in the name of literature rolled into one revolting entity.

When we first meet Angel, she is at the outset of her career, living with her mother in a flat on top of an English grocery store. A schoolgirl of 15, she has just mastered a phoney high-flown style ("into the vast vacuity of the empyrean" is a sample phrase) which she finds a suitable medium for expressing her grandiose fantasies. After being scolded by her mother for lying, Angel takes to her bed with a psychosomatic disorder, and there improvises her first novel. Like *Gone with the Wind*, her book is a critical flop but a popular success. And so, with the press against her but the public for her, Angel goes on from triumph to triumph until she is rich enough to buy everything she wants, including a husband of sorts. After her public deserts her, Angel is unable to continue living in grandeur, but keeps up the appearance of gentility until her death.

Angel, by Elizabeth Taylor (Viking; $3.50).

Mrs. Taylor gives us a heroine who is self-centered, unrealistic, capricious, gauche, unteachable, unlovable and mean; and she contrasts this with Angel's image of herself—as a seductive free-lover, a great literary figure and a country gentlewoman. But she does allow Angel such virtues as integrity and loyalty.

Mrs. Taylor's book has been out for some weeks now; for a work of such perceptiveness, charm and elegance, it has received too little critical attention, and it seems likely to be forgotten fairly soon.

One explanation of this general neglect is probably that the Angels of this world have written so many bad novels about novelists that readers shy away from still another book on this seemingly dull theme. Another explanation is that the publishers of the book—Viking Press—have gone to considerable lengths to misrepresent their product. Underneath the ambiguous title on the dust-jacket they reproduce one of John Carroll's sexiest nymphets, *en negligée*, and beside this, they quote:

> It was only a matter of time before she would have everything she wanted. As a famous novelist, she could buy herself both garnets and emeralds, a chinchilla wrap, a sable muff, her own carriage. . . .

There is a double irony here. One is that a distinguished publishing house would choose to send out one of its best novels disguised as a cheap romance. The other is that the jacket would be appropriate to a book *by* Angel rather than to one *about* her. No doubt a witty practical joke has been played, though on whom it remains to be seen.

THEATRE

The Taming of Nathanael West

I HAD HOPED to see and judge *Miss Lonelyhearts* as a play, an independent work by Howard Teichmann. To do that is impossible and perhaps even cruel. But cruelty is inevitable however one looks at this dramatization of Nathanael West's savage sketches. As a dramatic transcript of West's book it is consistently inaccurate, inaccurate in transmitting the spirit, although the letter sometimes survives. Seen in itself, it is a tepid but improving parable of a cynical young man who undertakes an "advice" column and soon loses his cynicism, his zest for life, and finally his life itself, all because of worry over his correspondents. It comes alive rather fitfully, when we hear violent, stinging, often blasphemous lines written by West; but even their force is lost because they are mostly in the mouth of Miss Lonelyhearts' hard-boiled editor, whose diabolism is mitigated by a late conversion and by the genial Irish humor that Pat O'Brien imparts to the role. The cynicism is hollow, the anguish is unfelt, and the play is aimless. Its aimlessness is curiously verified in the newspaper critics' judgments: Atkinson found it nihilistic, Kerr found it sentimental, Watts found it ineffectual—a perfect thesis, antithesis and synthesis. A Broadway columnist approvingly quoted one of the editor's cynical wisecracks and thereby testified to O'Brien's personal triumph over his role.

Miss Lonelyhearts, by Howard Teichmann (Music Box).

What West's savage, violent, grotesque book required was a savage, violent, grotesque adaptation and production. West's taste for literary surrealism should have justified a little dramatic surrealism. On every page he has brilliant if unconventional theatre—action, passion, grotesque mimicry, dead-pan deliveries, mechanical gestures. He had the eye of a dramatist, and he was subsequently a successful if unspectacular screenwriter. But his own drama gets lost in Teichmann's play. It is watered down, humanized, buried in a natural world that West never made. Perhaps the worst error was to throw away one perfect bit of casting. Fritz Weaver could have been ideal in the title role. His lanky form, his gaunt face, and especially the talent he revealed as the peculiar butler in *The Chalk Garden* all qualified him for the part of the tormented columnist. Incredibly, he plays him as a healthy and affable, if irreverent, boy, affectionately known as "the kid." Weaver does this well enough, but so could any number of other young actors; few others, however, were better qualified to play the part that wasn't there—West's Miss Lonelyhearts.

West's world is weird, unreal, distorted, speeded up. Teichmann's is conventionally real, almost historical, for it is introduced by an entirely superfluous prologue — could his function have vanished during the out-of-town run? —who tells us these events occurred years ago in a "time of doubt." We see a newspaper office full of familiar types; no one had to go back to the thirties to find these reporters who os-

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tentatiously get to work the minute the boss comes in. They are individualized in just the way that will make us feel at home; we have been here before. One is older and embittered; he wants to write the great American play, but he never will. The other is a funny little fellow with a shrill voice; he likes to eat at foreign restaurants, we are continually reminded. The affable Miss Lonelyhearts is at home with these good friends, and so too, in his way, is their employer. Instead of West's vicious Shrike of the dead pan, this is jolly Bill Spain of the laughing Irish eyes. His remarks, even when they come verbatim from West, are no longer cutting because Bill's purpose is to entertain us with them; we can tell, because he is so obviously entertaining himself. Just calling him Bill helps to change Shrike into a harmless creature. O'Brien's merry expression and his gay, unvarying voice complete the process. He is just as merry as he was during all those years when he was exchanging witticisms with Jimmy Cagney or Joan Blondell. We know he can't mean the blasphemous things he's saying, and we're right. This merry devil breaks down and defects from Satan in the last scene. He was wrong, and the humanitarian Miss Lonelyhearts is right. Bill had been made so bad by the daily beauty in Miss Lonelyhearts' life and by his awareness of his own lapse from grace: "I saw myself in you."

ONE of West's characters is tame enough to start with and does not need to be tenderized for the play. The columnist's girl friend Betty is a model of husband-hunting normality, a cousin to the ultra-conventional good girl—also named Betty—in West's next book, *A Cool Million.* West liked to call his standardized good girls Betty (in tribute to the celebrated goodness of Brown Betty?) and his bad girls Fay (an allusion to Morgan le Fay?). Betty's part is faithful to the original—except that Teichmann's Betty resists Miss Lonelyhearts more successfully. But, unfortunately, Betty is played by one of the tenser young actresses, who gets on everyone's nerves and makes Miss Lonelyhearts seem in comparison a miracle of ease and confidence. No wonder our hero slaps her; it seems like a good idea.

Everyone else is tamed and prettied up. Miss Farkis, who has "thick ankles, big hands, a powerful body," is renamed Miss Farnum and played by a slim, trim actress. Shrike's flirtatious wife becomes a *grande dame* of high tragedy.

As West originally describes her, Fay Doyle has "legs like Indian clubs, breasts like balloons," and an arm "like a thigh," but Teichmann's equivalent is a sexy blonde. Inevitably, the grotesquerie of her seduction of Miss Lonelyhearts is lost. Even the unseen characters are tidied up. The letter-writer who has no nose, only "a big hole in the middle of my face," becomes a girl who was born blind; she is no longer a harrowing or comic instance—only a cause for solemnity. In short, everything and everyone become ordinary, commonplace, "realistic." But if the purpose was to put the commonplace on the stage, why on earth did Teichmann begin with the wild world of Nathanael West? I give up.

HENRY POPKIN

ART

Men At Work

THE photographic exhibition that takes full advantage of photography's potential in description, exposition and persuasion is all too rare. One of the best is now being circulated more or less surreptitiously across the country. It is worthy of any museum and ideal for the low budget exhibition program of most universities, libraries and small town galleries, since there are no costs of any kind.

The show is *These Are Our People,* assembled and circulated by the United Steel Workers of America. As far as I can find out the exhibition came into existence quite accidentally. The Union's educational director, Emery Bacon, wanted a display for the 1956 convention in Los Angeles. Howard Worner, painter and teacher at the Carnegie Institute, took on the job including the production of a dozen paintings illustrating the stages of steel production from mine through mill. The show was a success at the convention and a number of university art departments in southern California asked to borrow it. In the low budget art world, news of anything that is both good and free spreads fast and for the last year the show has been on exhibition in the west and midwest. It is now somewhere east of Chicago with no definite schedule, no effort being made to "sell" it, but with limitless availability.

The talent required for this kind of exhibition is editorial rather than photographic. It is accidental, for example, that Edward Steichen, whose *Family of Man* is the best known photographic essay, is himself a great photographer. Some of the photographs here may have been taken especially for the show, but the vast majority was selected from already existing files. The sources, by the way, include some of the union's best customers: US Steel, Jones & Laughlin, Alcoa, Standard Oil.

Worner's paintings perform an invaluable function. They are cool, impersonal records of buildings, machinery and terrain. At their best they achieve something of the quality of flood-lighted solid geometry that Charles Sheeler does so superbly. They comprise a record of the steel process, factual and, as it were, neutral. Within this frame, the photographs tell the story of what the steelworkers—and by extension all American unionism—have made of the amoral machinery as a powerful instrument for the general welfare.

For one of the most impressive things about this show is the almost total absence of the sometimes strident militancy of the pro-union art of two decades ago. The few capitalists or managers who appear in the show are indistinguishable from the union men they're negotiating with. There is one shot of an irate Phil Murray addressing a strike meeting but its context makes it more memorial tribute than war poster. The men on the bricks in the one recognizable strike photo are placed, in nonviolent determination, as simply part of the essence of unionism, the negotiating process. There is a kind of reverence for the process itself in this part of

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the show. The pictures chosen stress the mutual assumption of good faith and the overwhelming fact that negotiation has become an essential of American industry. Collective bargaining is regarded with something of the awe that old style economists used in speaking of the market place and its determination of value.

The human face is the star of the show despite the presence of some beautiful landscape and urban photographs. Although the show deals, and deals successfully, with a number of abstract ideas, its underlying abstraction "labor" is dissolved into a series of strong individual human souls, expressed most often in faces but also in figures in action.

There is a rather rhetorical text to the show—more chapter headings than cut lines—but the story told is perfectly clear without a word. An opening shot of thousands of steel workers apparently at a mass meeting gives way to a wonderful series of men at work. Steel and the economy so largely based on it is not the product merely of money and machinery but of the attentive and skillful labor of these men. All the nations of Europe, Asia and Africa are represented.

The city slum and the company town are the first depressing products of industry though beyond the slum roofs rise the clean towers of management and finance. The road out from the company town leads to the housing development seen here not in relation to a garden city but as a possible alternative to the slum. A woman hangs out her wash with clean sky overhead and grass underfoot. Public parks and pools come into existence. A pair of cellos is bowed by hands, one black, one white. In silhouette two negro children work at easels against a background of plaster casts. The section closes with the reprise of slum children juxtaposed with one of those beautifully simple New England churches. Manifestly, a first-rate picture editor can present the levels of meaning of his material and the ambiguities of life as clearly and forcefully as any poet.

There follows the section on the union as such with bargaining at its heart and the beneficial proliferation of its activities in education, recreation and health. New citizens pledge their allegiance with a postage stamp shot of Bedloe's Island at dusk. The President addresses Congress. Voting takes place. Exploited forests rear their stumps like bombed cities but we see the richness of the land too. Flags flutter before the UN building and a freighter goes down the bay from New York. Closeups of individual workers and peasants range around the security council.

The steelworkers originally put out a brochure of the exhibition which is now understandably out of print since the whole project was designed as a one shot deal. Plans for a new edition are in progress. Meanwhile the exhibition may be booked, at no charge, from Bacon, United Steelworkers of America, 1500 Commonwealth Building, Pittsburgh 22.

FRANK GETLEIN

MOVIES

Films as Sociology

RECENT MOVIES like *Island in the Sun*, *Band of Angels*, and *Something of Value* indicate that Hollywood's interest in racial problems has altered considerably since the days of *Lost Boundaries* and *Pinky*. Those postwar films displayed a consciousness of the racial problem that was at once angry, "democratic," scientific, and confused. The drama generally revolved around the Negro who tried "to pass," the white-skinned Negro whose predicament, needless to say, was hardly characteristic of the American Negro's. The films were a testament to the popular scientific doctrine that had emerged from the war, the truth central to the "Give Blood" campaigns — that types "Caucasian" and "Negro" are not distinguishable, only types "A" "O" etc. It was not finally the American Negro who received the sympathy and attention of the audience so much as a poor few who were portrayed as people not *really* Negroes, but denied a white man's rights. The subject of these films was not Negro as Negro but Negro as Deprived White.

Something of Value (MGM). *A Hatful of Rain* (20th Century-Fox).

Something of Value, I think, reflects an altered attitude toward the problems of race. Based on Robert Rouark's best-seller about Negro-white violence in Kenya, the picture does not, of course, mirror the American situation; produced, however, by and for Americans it cannot help but reflect a few of the changes that have taken place in our attitude. In *Something of Value* the Negro is presented as a man upon whom injustice has been practiced; robbed of his land and his traditions he is left without things to cherish and esteem, without "something of value." This is unjust, the film says, because finally the black man and the white man are brothers.

The struggle between the races is dramatized primarily through the persons of Rock Hudson, who plays a young white land-owner, and Sidney Poitier, Hudson's companion-valet, who runs off to join the Mau-Mau after his own father has been imprisoned by the white man's laws for performing a ritual of the black man's religion. Eventually Poitier becomes a leader of the terrorist movement and must face in battle his cherished boyhood friend who has himself become a leader of the anti-Mau-Mau forces. Both try at first to be moderates but are surrounded by extremists who feel that brutality and murder are the only answers to the country's racial problem. When Poitier agrees to meet Hudson for what may be a war-ending talk, the extremists of

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either side open fire, and in the end Poitier is dead.

The scene of Poitier's death can stand some investigation. Poitier does not die of a bullet fired from his friend's gun. Rather, in an attempt to save the life of his infant son, he steps backward into a spiked elephant pit; his death is agony. The child does not fall with Poitier and the picture ends with Hudson carrying the Negro infant away with *him*. The next generation, the picture seems to cry, for them it will be better! But I keep wanting to know about *this* generation: specifically, why is it that Poitier has to be sacrificed—is it to atone for the several years of Mau-Mau brutality? Why isn't Hudson sacrificed for a century of Negro enslavement? What kind of brotherhood is this, anyhow?

And finally, isn't it possible to live with a man when he is not like your brother? What I want to know is when we're going to be ready to make *that* picture.

JUST as all westerns end with the good guy defeating the bad guy, so all pictures about narcotics seem to end with the junkie kicking the habit. Where the good guy in the western has his trusty .45 to help him lick his adversary, the junkie has his trusty wife, or sweetheart, for in *The Man with the Golden Arm* the "dance-hall" girl, Molly-o, was not married to Frankie Machine, though as I remember, the final scene of the film indicated that not only would they marry, but once Frankie had thrown away the needle they would buy a split-level and move to the suburbs. In *Hatful of Rain*, the newest film dealing with narcotics, it is the wife of the junkie-hero who in the end calls the police and reports her husband as an addict, thus initiating his salvation. In fact, a good deal of the action of *Hatful of Rain* revolves around the wife's efforts to discover what it is that is ailing her husband, and her husband's efforts to hide the truth of his addiction from her. Why Johnny Pope (Don Murray) wants to hide the truth is beyond me: as portrayed by Eva Marie Saint, his wife is a sympathetic, loving, tender woman, and there seems hardly any justification for Johnny to be blind to what is, thanks to Miss Saint's capable acting, only too clear to his audience. Even when she begins to suspect him of infidelity, and suggests divorce, he does not reveal to her the reason for his dejected spirits, his sexual apathy, his lost jobs, his nightly sojourns on the streets of New York. He is ashamed, guilt-ridden—but it appears mistakenly so; the very point of the picture is that Johnny himself is innocent! The causes of his depravity are outside the hero.

During the Korean War, as a corporal in the Army, Johnny had spent thirteen weeks in an icy cave, to be deserted at last by his Sergeant and left to the torturous devices of the brain-washing Chinese. After repatriation he was sent to an Army hospital, and during his year internment morphine was administered, out of necessity. From there on it is a matter of biology, the body, apparently, needing a fix just to stay alive. You may remember that in *The Man with the Golden Arm*, Frankie Machine was also victimized by the biology of addiction; Frankie, however, had accepted dope as the final depravity Skid Row could offer. His story is one of sin, and of salvation through love; Johnny, on the other hand, may find salvation in love, but he is a junkie without sin, a hero punished it seems for his heroism.

Had *Hatful of Rain* shown Johnny as a young man confused and perhaps embittered by the legacy of his heroism, the film might have been one of intensity and drama. However, instead of focusing upon the drama of virtue rewarded with degradation, what we get a good deal of the time is the melodrama of narcotics—the sleezy dope peddlers (the sleeziest I've seen yet), the junkie in convulsions, the sadism, the sensationalism, the "inside-story" that doesn't tell us what goes on inside.

The picture does not, of course, neglect the moral issue, though it seems to me to spend most of its time preaching from the wrong pulpit. Forgive poor Johnny, it says, because he is innocent! His arm is shot full of holes but his soul must be starched like a choir-boy's . . . And so it is revealed that he had a lousy childhood, he and his brother deserted as boys by their widowed father and left to orphanages for love and protection. And then, on top of all else, he now lives in New York City which, in *Hatful of Rain*, is presented not so much as background reflecting depravity but almost a cause of depravity itself, another villain. The housing project in which Johnny and his wife live, the twelve floors of cold brick, become like *Bachelor Party's* Stuyvesant Town, a symbol of urban isolation and loneliness. By the end of the picture Johnny has become a modern Everyman, the victim of the plagues of our time: The Broken Family, The War, The Lonely City, and, via the biology of the habit, The Laws of Science (and/or Nature).

But unlike other great sufferers, Johnny does not question his dilemma, does not cry out against the human condition even at the moment of acceptance; he shakes his fist at neither God nor the Devil. He is thin, thin, thin, and it is without meaning for either hero or audience when in the final moments of the movie he turns himself over to his wife, for he has not rediscovered love, but only succumbed to it as a last resort.

PHILIP ROTH

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Signature of publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1957.

MARGUERITE E. O'BRIEN, N.P.D.C.
My commission expires April 14, 1961

GEORGE GIBIAN is a professor of Russian literature at Smith College. GERALD WEALES is on the English faculty of Brown University. HENRY POPKIN is drama critic of *Prospectus*. PHILIP ROTH is an instructor at the University of Chicago.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

the administration's passivity permitted an attitude to grow in the Faubus sector of the South which in effect maintained that "we can get away with all this"; consequently, this harsh over-reaction will engender a long term bitterness which will allow no trust in the federal government by the Faubus sector nor amicable racial relations. Thus the backs of the opposition have been stiffened and the administration has made the problem of integration more difficult.

MURRAY BROWN

Assistant Professor of Economics
University of Pennsylvania

► *By Love Possessed*

SIRS:

SAREL EIMERL'S review of *By Love Possessed* (*NR*, Sept. 16) comes out strongly for integrity and for telling the whole truth. Cozzens' novel, he implies, is lacking in these virtues. Moreover, the book is crudely sensational, contrived, over-specialized, windy, platitudinous, and poorly written.

In this review Mr. Eimerl has sacrificed his integrity as a critic by deliberately refusing to tell the whole truth about *By Love Possessed*. Only by the emotional standards of a *voyeur* could this novel be called sensational. Mr. Eimerl's list of sensational characters and incidents is willfully and perversely misleading. The sadist, for instance, is merely mentioned; he does not appear in the book. The bitch in heat takes up about as much space in a 570 page novel as she does in this one page review. There are over 30 individualized characters in the novel. How sensational they are as a group may be understood by noticing how Mr. Eimerl has had to twist and pad the facts to fill out his sensational little list. Also, I fail to see how someone with Mr. Eimerl's talent for finding the shocking things in books can fail so miserably in finding shocking things in real life.

Mr. Eimerl has made every possible error in connection with *By Love Possessed* except, perhaps, the worst one. He, at least, does not take Arthur Winner to be the voice and ideal of James Gould Cozzens. The moral vision of Cozzens is one that includes both Arthur Winner and Julius Penrose and, as such, it is a vision with few, if any, equals in modern American letters.

Among his other achievements, Cozzens is the first writer to make sense of our mid-20th-Century administrative, specialized, executive society. He differs from most of his fellow writers in always having taken a manly attitude towards sex, and in not exhibiting neurotic excitement over the facts of life. Best-selling sex has been conspicuously absent from all Cozzens' characteristic work. Life has never been absent. *By Love Possessed* is his deliberate attempt to write about sex—or, as he prefers to call it, love. He tells us in this novel that, for all its animal compulsion, for all its terrors and mistakes, for all our efforts to rise above it to some ideal life of reason, love is life and life is love. Even Arthur Winner, true son of a true man of reason, is in the end, possessed by love. Cozzens tells us these things with art and without sentimentality.

James Gould Cozzens' vision of love is comparable in many ways to the great medieval idea of charity: the love in which we live and move and have our being. Supernatural religion, however, has lost its authority; and all his great characters live consciously under a sure and final sentence of death. *By Love Possessed* is a novel of brilliant elegiac realism.

JAMES F. HOYLE

Princeton, N. J.

► *Russia Since 1917*

SIRS:

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN has included *The New Republic* in his attack on me for my review (*NR*, Sept. 30) of his book *Russia Since 1917*. I had realized that he and I had our disagreements, but it had not occurred to me to blame the *NR* for printing what we both wrote. I believe only two points in his letter require comment. The phrase "stale superstition" Mr. Schuman treats as if it were mine; it is his, and the reader may judge whether he prefers Mr. Schuman's use of it in the book (I cite the passage) or mine in the review. I did not apply the phrase, "reminiscent of a mixed bag of Fascist and America-Firster aphorisms," to this book as a whole, as he states, but to certain enumerated arguments. Mr. Schuman cannot deny that the contentions I cite (*e.g.*, that the Russians needed an autocrat to "beat and bludgeon" them into doing what they should) are in the book, and does not deny that they are reminiscent of the aphorisms I list (*e.g.*, that the Germans and Italians always needed someone to tell them what was good for them). I interpreted his book in general as evidence of substantial change from an earlier position, and I hope he will not be restrained from further pursuing the objective of "sober, factual, and documented analysis" (his phrase) of the Soviet scene. Since my views about the book obviously concern him, it is a pity that he did not acknowledge that I found much in it to praise. Or would that have interfered with his effort to imply that I said he "must be a Red"?

DONALD W. TREADGOLD

Associate Professor of Russian History
University of Washington

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